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HENRY MORTON

—OR THE—

TWIN BROTHERS.

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A Drama in Four Acts.

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BY G. BERNARD.



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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

HENRY MORTON.
RALPH MORTON.
SIR PHILIP COURTNEY.
CAPTAIN ROBINSON.
UNCLE MARTIN.
BILL MARKHAM.
JACK ROBERTS.
SAM. NORTON.

ELLEN COURTNEY.
COUSIN JULIA.
MRS. NORTON.
JANE WILSON.

Peasants, Police and Fishermen.

COSTUMES.

Henry Morton.—Act First—dress suit. Act Second—a shabby and torn suit. Act Third—First suit same as Second Act; second suit, naval officer's. Act Fourth—Sea Captain's suit, and false whiskers.

Ralph Morton.—First Act—first suit, tattered; second, dress suit. Second Act—dress suit. Fourth Act—same as Second.

Sir Philip.—First suit, dressing gown and powdered wig. Second, ragged.

Uncle Martin.—Ordinary gentleman's dress.

Bill Markham.—A neat peasant's dress.

Jack Roberts.—A sailor's dress.

Sam Morton.—A peasant's dress.

Ellen Courtney.—Act First—ordinary lady's dress. Second—shabby dress. Third Act—same as first. Fourth Act—first dress, same as Third; second, ladies' evening dress.

Cousin Julia.—First and second same as Ellen Courtney in Act Four.

Mrs. Norton.—Housewife's dress,

Jane Wilson.—Same as Mrs. Norton.

HENRY MORTON: OR THE TWIN BROTHERS.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

SCENE FIRST.—A Sitting Room. Uncle Martin walking too and tro, his hat upon the table.

UNCLE MARTIN.—Oh, to think that I should come to this, to be scorned and insulted, and ordered to leave the premises, as if I was a common vagrant; and worse than all, to stand and listen, to Richard my dead brother, being termed a beggar and an upstart: a man that was all soul and honor, a man who never knew an enemy: a man who was admired and respected by all who knew him; to be called an upstart! But I told the proud Sir Philip Courtney, that his appellations were false, and that Richard Morton while he lived, was a wealthy and honorable gentleman. But it was wrong, wrong indeed, that Henry should have formed a clandestine engagement with Sir Philip's daughter. But he is too young, far too young, to gaze into the depths of obstacles that must attend such an alliance. But I knew from the time that I heard that Henry was paying his addresses to Lady Ellen, that Sir Philip would never sanction a union between Henry Morton and his only child; one that can trace her ancestral line for seven hundred years. But I must speak with Henry and not only advise him, but tell him he must break this engagement—*Kings the bell.*

Enter Servant, R. C.

UNCLE. Go and tell Henry I want him. (*Exit Servant*) I must be determined for it is Henry that I expect to bring credit to his father's name.

Enter Henry, R. C.

HENRY. You sent for me Uncle?

UNCLE. I did, I have been as I told you I should, to see Sir Philip Courtney upon the subject of our last interview.

HENRY. And what was his answer?

UNCLE. His answer was scorn and insult? "What! I, Sir Philip Courtney, to allow my daughter to bestow her hand upon a man, whose father was a beggar and an upstart!" And when I told him that your father was none of those, he ordered me from his house.

HENRY. Did you see Miss Ellen?

UNCLE. No! I saw her father, and that was enough; and now Henry, as your uncle and guardian, I wish you to break off this engagement, at once, and take a trip through Europe for a few years, and when you come back, 'twill be time enough to form an engagement, as at present you are to young, lacking four months of your twenty-first year. What say you? Would you like to travel?

HENRY. No! I don't think I would. I'd rather stay at home.

UNCLE. And will you break the engagement?

HENRY. I cannot promise you that.

UNCLE. Well, now, Henry, listen to me, and I will relate a story of which I believe you are ignorant. The night that you and Ralph were born, the midwife unthinkingly placed you both in one crib, and when asked in the course of the night, which child was born first, she had completely forgotten, and as no one could clear the mystery, your father resolved that if both children should live, he would do all in his power for the advancement of both, and in manhood the one that proved most worthy should inherit his estate, and when on his dying bed, he willed all his earthly riches to me, with the understanding, that I should do as he would have done had he lived, and now I wish you to cease this folly and promise me that you will pay no more attention to Sir Philip's daughter.

HENRY. Uncle I cannot promise you that.

UNCLE. But I say you must and 'twould be well that you should look to your own interest. This estate may never be yours.

HENRY. Than you would insinuate that you have it in your power to make me both homeless and penniless?

UNCLE. I have.

HENRY. Uncle Martin! My father left this vast estate free and unencumbered. He also left one hundred thousand pounds. By every right between God and man half that money and half this estate is mine. You have the power to prevent my inheritance, but had you the power to make me the most degraded being on earth, I will make no such promise as you desire and I will pay my attentions to Ellen Courtney as long as she will receive them.

UNCLE. Beware Henry Morton, the path of poverty is dark and rugged, closely guarded by the abyss of crime, into which by one false step you might be plunged so deeply that the most dejected of mortals would pass you in disgust.

HENRY. You have my answer.—*A knock at the door.*

UNCLE. Come in.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT. A dispatch your honor.—*Gives a note to uncle.*

UNCLE. *Reads and turns to Henry.* A dispatch from your Cousin George, in which he states he will be here on the

two P. M. train, from Liverpool, and it is already after one—*turns to servant*—tell James to get the carriage ready and drive over to the station and enquire on the two o'clock train for Captain Robinson.

SERVANT. Yes sir.—*Exit Serv. R.*

UNCLE. And you sir I hope will try and behave more like a gentleman in your cousin's presence than you have to-day in mine, and I will send an invitation over to the Martlands and Crosbys to come over here this evening, to enliven us in the presence of my nephew.—*Exit both R. C.*

SCENE II.

A Library. Enter Ralph Morton. First E. L.

RALPH. Well I'm a nice looking character just now. But it was lucky I had Bill with me to-night, for I think if I had been alone, those scoundrels would have murdered me, as it was they gave us a pretty rough handling. But I'll come square with them yet. But what's this?—*Looks off R.*—Have they got company? They are coming this way. I must secrete myself. I must not be seen in this attire.—*Hides behind the drapery.*

*Enter Capt. Robinson and Henry Morton, R. C.,
and sits near table.*

CAPT. Henry are you not well? You seem so dull and despondent, so different from what you used to be.

HENRY. Oh, I am quite well I assure you.

CAPT. And you say it is a week since you saw Ralph?

HENRY. Yes! just a week to day.

CAPT. And you know not where he is gone?

HENRY. No! I know very little of Ralph's business.

CAPT. Well how people do change. I remember when first you came to college, you could scarcely bear to leave each other's sight. But if it would not be an impertinent question, what is the cause of this coolness? You have had no quarrel I hope?

HENRY. No! a hasty word has not passed between us; but to be plain with you, Ralph is not now, what he use to be when we went to college. Horse racing and gambling seem to be his objects in life. He associates with the lowest company. In a word he is a disgrace to the name he bears.

CAPT. I am sorry for poor Ralph! He was so kind and good hearted. But does uncle seem to think of him.

HENRY. Uncle so seldom goes from home, that he hears very little of Ralph's carrings on and thinks he is only a little wild.

CAPT. Well, no doubt but uncle is right. He can see into matters a great deal better than we; our imaginations are so great that we are apt to magnify trifles and uncle I believe is one of the wisest and best men living, and let us hope that he may live to enjoy health and happiness and direct us by his wise counsel for many a year to come.

HENRY. As I am no hypocrite I must say that I wish for no such thing.

CAPT. Did I hear you aright that you wish for no such thing.

HENRY. That was what I said, and I care not how short his life may be; not that I expect to gain anything by his death, as it was only to-day that he told me he had it in his power to make me a beggar.

CAPT. Henry if uncle used such language he must have had good cause for it, and I am sorry to hear you express yourself in such terms. Live as you should and I am sure that neither you nor Ralph will have cause to complain when uncle's will is read.

HENRY. I care not how his will may read, nor how soon it may be read.

CAPT. I cannot listen to such language. Remember he is my mother's brother, and you grieve me very much by your words.—*Rises and looks off R.*—But come the guests are arriving and uncle may want us, and let us drop this subject forever, and I hope your mind will be changed in the morning.—*Exit both R. C.*

Ralph reappears from behind drapery.

RALPH. So, so my fine brother! You have heard that you may become a beggar, and you care not how soon uncle's will may be read! And you brother is a gambler and a disgrace to his name. You have tried to poison my cousin George's mind against me, but with the cards you have dealt me; if I cannot win the game I'm not half the gambler you give me credit for. But I must dress and attend this party, I can tell my cousin George that I have just returned from London after a weeks visit there.—*Exit L.*

SCENE III.

A Grove with Rocks and trees in Background. Enter Uncle Captain and Ralph, First E. L.

UNCLE. George, this is the spot that I spoke to you of. What do you think of it?

CAPT. It is a splendid scene.

UNCLE. I have visited this grove every evening that the weather would permit for a good many years, and it seems more beautiful every visit.

CAPT. There is no scene equal to nature. But is there a well near here, I would like a drink of cold water.

RALPH. There is a splendid spring well a short distance from here. Come! let us go. I feel a little dry. Uncle will remain here until we return.—*Exit both R. U. E.*

UNCLE. George is a fine young man, he resembles his mother very much and I'm glad that he is going to stay with us until Christmas. What—*looks off R.*—is this Henry. He has been to Sir Philip's again. What can I do to save this boy's ruin?

Enter Henry First E. R.

UNCLE. What brings you from that direction? You have been to Sir Philip Courtney's again. Did I not tell you to cease your visits there? Did I not tell you?

HENRY. Yes.

UNCLE. And why don't you do as I bid you?

HENRY. I have no such intentions.

UNCLE. What! you rascal I'll make you. (*Strikes and knocks Henry's hat off with his stick; slips and falls himself, and Henry stands over him in a threatening manner.*)

Enter Ralph and Captain, R. U. E.

RALPH. What! would you kill your uncle?

HENRY. No! I would not kill my uncle.—*Uncle rises.*

RALPH. 'Tis well we were so near.

UNCLE. Stop this! 'twas all my fault, and I warn you all not to mention a word of this to any one. Let us return home. Come Henry.—*Takes Henry's arm.*

Exit Ralph and Capt. Uncle and Henry first E. L.

SCENE IV.—ROOM IN A PUBLIC HOUSE.

Bill Markham sitting at table with a glass before him.

BILL. He should be here it is past the time now and I'm tired waiting. But here he comes.—*A voice without, All right.*

Enter Ralph, R. E.

RALPH.—*Sits at table.*—So here you are, you are always on time.

BILL. Yes! I always keep my word.

RALPH. Drink up, we'll have another glass.—*Bill drinks Ralph rings the bell.*

Enter Waiter, R.

RALPH. Bring us two glasses of brandy—*waiter takes empty glass and exit R.*—Did you inquire as you promised.

BILL. Yes! he was there last night and he is to go again on next Thursday night at seven o'clock.

RALPH. But how did you get this information?

BILL. You know old Parker at the cross roads?

RALPH. Yes.

Enter Waiter with tray and glasses upon it ; places it on table, exit.

BILL. Well, old Parker's daughter Jane is Lady Ellen's maid and Jane and me have been on friendly terms this two years, and Miss Ellen tells her everything and last night when she returned to her room after leaving Henry, she told Jane that he was coming again on next Thursday night.

RALPH. You are sure there is no mistake.

BILL. There is no fear of mistake, as I got all the information I wanted, without her noticing any of my questions.

RALPH. That's good drink up—*Rings the bell both drink.*

Enter Waiter.

RALPH. Replenish those glasses—*Waiter takes tray and exit R.*—And now Bill I want you to do me a favor, it is a great one, and you are the only man living I would ask it from.

Enter Waiter and places tray on table and exit.

BILL. Well, Mr. Ralph, you have been a good friend to me, for since you began to notice me I never knew the want of a shilling and anything that lies in my power; say you want it done, and I'll do it, I don't care what it is.

RALPH. As I said the favor *I* want is a great one, and *I* don't want you to promise and not fulfill it.

BILL.—*Drinks and shows signs of intoxication*—I swear by this right hand that if it lies in my power *I'll* do it *I* don't care what it is.

RALPH. I want you to kill a man.

BILL. No! no! Mr. Ralph! you don't mean that?

RALPH. What! after me confiding in you will break your oath?

BILL. Mr. Ralph! I thought you was going to ask something great; but I didn't think it would be so great as that.—I have given my oath and I'll die before I break it.

RALPH. Don't be down hearted. When I explain to you it wont look so bad. And now I'll tell you why I asked you to do this. To-day is Tuesday. Well just a week ago to-day I was in lawyer Palmer's office. There was no one in the office but his son, Harry and I. Harry went and took from the safe a copy of my uncle's will and it plainly stated, that all the estate and half the money that my father left with the interest on the same, should be left to Henry, at my uncle's death. I shall be as poor as poverty can make me, for all that will be left to me, will scarcely pay any debts, and while my brother is rolling in wealth I shall become a beggar.

BILL. Well, I don't think that's fair.

RALPH. Neither do I, and that's what made me make such a request of you.

BILL. And whom do you propose to put out of the way.

RALPH. My uncle Martin!

BILL. Your uncle Martin, and how would that help you?

RALPH. Listen! Henry goes next Thursday night to visit Miss Courtney. He will have to return through the rocky grove. Every evening my uncle takes a walk as far as the grove, and on next Thursday afternoon I will send two or three laborers down near the grove to cut wood; about five o'clock you can stroll into the wood take two or three bottles of brandy with you, for which I will give you the money, ask the men to sit down and take a drink. Those that I will send will not refuse. Pass the bottle round freely, but do not take much yourself. It will be dusk about half-past six. Uncle will be down at the grove a little before dusk, place yourself in such a position that you can see him enter the grove; then on some pretence leave the men for a few minutes, steal into the grove and before uncle is aware of your presence, stab him to the heart. Do not miss your aim! I will furnish you with a dagger that cousin George gave to Henry with his name inscribed upon it. After you have done that, take the body and place it across the path. There will no one pass that way after dusk but Henry. Then return to the men make an excuse to bring them nearer the grove, so that you can hear Henry's approach. He will stumble over the body, and, at the first alarm, call your companions, rush out upon him and swear that you saw him strike the blow. 'Twill be easy to persuade your companions to swear as you do. Do this and you will save me from beggary, and you! shall become rich. What do you say? Will you do it?

BILL. I'll do it to save you from beggary.

RALPH. Then give me your hand, and while I live you shall never want a friend. And now we'll go and have another glass at the bar. Come.—*Exit R.*

SCENE IV.—REAR SIR PHILIP COURTNEY'S HOUSE.

(Porch leading from the house into a small garden, the same fenced with a low fence and gate in the center.)

Enter Henry first E. L., stands and gives a low whistle. Enter Ellen R. U. E., and both approach the gate.

HENRY. Why Ellen you are trembling. You look so pale and frightened, has anything happened?

ELLEN. Oh, Henry! our interview must be brief. My father has heard of your visits here, and forbid me seeing

you. I could not have left the house to-night, but he is entertaining a party of gentlemen.—*Noise and laughing within.*

HENRY. Is that the room they are in.—*Points to lighted window.*

ELLEN. Yes, it is in that room he spends all his evenings and entertains his gentlemen friends whenever they come to visit him.

HENRY. What did your father say to you?

ELLEN. He sent for me to come to his sitting room this morning, and after a few words he said: I understand that Henry Morton is paying his addresses to you. Is that true? I did not speak, when he resumed. Now Ellen you know this is wrong. You are too young, and I forbid your receiving Henry Morton or any one else without my consent, and just then his friends were announced, and the subject was dropped, but I expect he will renew it when they go.

HENRY. Well, my uncle is very desirous that I should go travelling through Europe for a couple of years. I have not given consent to go; but if I did would you forget me?

ELLEN. Oh, Henry! why do you ask such a question?

HENRY. It may be as well that I should go, and in the meantime the obstacles that are now in our path may be removed. By that time your father may look more kindly upon me.

ELLEN. Oh, Henry! it may be all for the best, but I shall be so lonesome.

HENRY. We must try and bear our trials for a little while; and hope for a happy future. But I would like to write to you often. How could I communicate with you?

ELLEN. You can write to my maid, Jane Parker, she will get the letters and bring them to me. And now Henry we must part, for at any moment father may come out of that door—*points towards the porch*—and I would not for the world that he should see me, after what he said this morning.

HENRY. Then this is to be our last interview until I return from abroad—*takes Ellen's hand, kisses it*—Farewell Ellen.

ELLEN. Farewell!—*weeping*—*Exit R. U. E.*

HENRY. Oh! how happy I feel; I wish all the world were as happy as I! With what a light heart I will go to uncle, and tell him I am willing to travel. To-night I will beg his pardon for all the trouble I have caused him, and promise never to offend him again—*looks towards the house*—farewell! farewell!—*Exit first E. L.*

SCENE VI.—ROCKY GROVE, DEAD BODY ACROSS THE PATH.

Enter Henry, first E. R.

HENRY.—*Stumbles over the body, stoops and picks up a dagger*—What! murder!

Enter Bill and drunken companions R. U. E.

BILL.—*To Henry*—Who is this you have murdered—*turns to one of his companions*—Run as fast as you can and find the police. Tell every one you meet that there has been a murder committed—*exit companions first L.*—who is it that is murdered, and who are you?

HENRY. I am Henry Morton but I know not who it is.

BILL. What, Mr. Henry! Did I not hear you say you would murder him.

HENRY. What! Me? No! I said no such thing, for the body lay just as it is. I almost fell over it.

Enter Neighbors, first E. L.

NEIGHBOR. Who has been murdered?

BILL. I don't know who it is.

Enter drunken companions with two Policemen, first L.

POLICE. What is the matter here?

NEIGHBOR. There has been a murder.

POLICE. Who has been murdered, and where is the body?

SEVERAL. See here is the body—*point to the body.*

POLICE.—*Examines the body with his lantern*—Why it is Mr. Martin Morton.

HENRY. My uncle? Oh Heavens!

POLICE—*Casts his light upon Henry*—But where is the murderer.

BILL.—*Points to Henry*—He is there with the weapon still in his hand.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—TREES AND BUSHES AND AN OLD WELL.

Enter Bill first L. and leans against the well.

BILL. I wish the case was safely over. Those two fellows are sure they saw him.

Enter Ralph first E. L.

BILL. I wish this case was safely over. But there is no fear; those two fellows are sure they saw him.

Enter Ralph, first E. L.

RALPH. Well, Bill, it is all right so far. You have performed your part well,

BILL. Yes, but that confounded doctor is the worst of all.

RALPH. It is to speak of him I sent for you. I am afraid that he will cause trouble, if we don't look out.

BILL. What makes you think that? Those two fellows swore they saw him stab him.

RALPH. Yes! But he is so positive that the body must have been dead over two hours when he saw it, and he is the greatest physician in England. And if they summon Ellen Courtney she can prove that Henry was not there at that time, and I think the safest plan would be to remove her to some place of safety until the trial is over.

BILL. But how can we do it?

RALPH. I can imitate Henry's handwriting, and I will write a note begging her to go and give her evidence privately to the judge; and, under the pretence of taking her there, we could convey her to wherever we wanted.

BILL. But where could we take her?

RALPH. We must take her some distance from here, as it would not be safe to conceal her about here; for, in case of a search, she might be found. Do you know of any place we could take her to with safety?

BILL.—*Pauses.*—I think I do. You know old Mrs. Wilson, whose husband was transported?

RALPH. I have seen her. Why?

BILL. She left here about eight months ago, and went down into Lancashire. I was in her house about two months ago; she lives in a very lonesome place, and keeps poultry and sells eggs for a living.

RALPH. Could we trust her.

BILL. Yes! with our lives. And she has a grudge against Sir Philip, as it was he that got her husband transported.

RALPH. Then you must go at once to Lancashire, and see this woman; and make all necessary arrangements. Tell her she shall be well paid; and make no delay until you return, as I will not write the note until you come back; as it is you that must take her away, you can disguise yourself so that she wont know you. You can meet her with the carriage, and I will prepare something for her that will make her sleep until she reaches her destination.

BILL. I think that plan will act very well, and I will start this afternoon for Lancashire.

RALPH. Do not delay, and make no mistake. (*Exit first R.*)

BILL. (*Looking off R.*) Well, Mr. Ralph! you are a deeper dog than I took you to be. But I must go ahead now, for I'm too deep in the mire to turn back. (*Exit first L.*)

SCENE II. ROOM IN JANE WILSON'S COTTAGE.

Ellen Courtney sitting on chair, her head leaning on her hand.

ELLEN. I wonder how long I am to remain here yet, or who is the cause of keeping me here, for I'm sure this woman is only acting under the instructions of others.

Enter Jane Wilson, front E., show slight signs of intoxication. Sits upon a chair.

JANE. Well, dear! I thought that I'd come and spend a couple of hours with you, being as it is Christmas eve, and I hope you will not begin to cry or carry on same as you always do; and see, I've brought a little something to enjoy ourselves with (*pulls a bottle of brandy from her pocket*) and, considering that there is no one in the house but you and me, I think we wont be lonesome. (*Goes into the next room and returns with two glasses, locks the door on the inside and puts the key in her pocket; takes her seat, pours liquor into each glasse, pushes one toward Ellen.*) Here, take a drop of this, it will cheer you.

ELLEN. No, thank you. I never did like liquor.

JANE. What, not a little drop? It will do you no harm.

ELLEN. No, thank you. I couldn't drink it.

JANE. Well! I'm an old woman and I need a little nourishment. (*Drinks off a glass.*) Miss Ellen, I suppose this is not quite as cheerful a Christmas as you have been used to, but I hope that you will try and pass the time as pleasantly as possible.—*Drinks the other glass and refills.*

ELLEN. I will try and I hope that you will have a merry Christmas.

JANE. Well, now! I'm glad to see that you are becoming sensible, for you speak like a sensible girl, and to show you that I'm not as bad as you think me, I'll make you a present of this half-crown,—*Offers her money*—Here, take it; it may serve you yet.—*Ellen takes it.*

ELLEN. Thank you. I shall remember your present a long time.

JANE. Miss Ellen, how old are you now?

ELLEN. I was nineteen on the last day of August.

JANE.—*Drinks and appears quite drunk*—You are quite a fine girl of your age, and now I'd like you to just give us a verse of a song.

ELLEN. I can't sing and besides I don't know a song.

JANE. What nineteen years of age and don't know a song. You ought to be ashamed to own it. When I was nineteen you'd stand to your waist in snow listening to me sing.—*drinks.*

ELLEN. Could you tell me please, like a kind lady what has become of Henry Morton?

JANE. Well I should not tell you, but I don't think it will do any harm. You remember the night before you left your father's house?

ELLEN. Yes.

JANE. That night Henry Morton escaped from prison and nothing has been heard from him since.

ELLEN. How far is it to my father's house from here?

JANE. Oh, about two hundred miles.

ELLEN. And didn't my father make any search for me, when he found I had left his house.

JANE. If you promise to be a good girl I'll tell you.

ELLEN. I promise.

JANE. No your father didn't make a search though I suppose he would have done; but when it was found that Henry Morton had escaped from prison and you were nowhere to be found, somebody sent your father a note, saying that Henry Morton went to see you, and you went away with him.

ELLEN. And did my father believe it?

JANE. At first he didn't seem to believe it but the story soon spread; and then there were some who said they saw Henry Morton near your house that morning; others said they

had seen you together, and the story is now that you have both left the country together—*Drinks.*

ELLEN. *Begins to sob.*

JANE. Didn't you promise to be a good girl? You've been here now two months, and you've done nothing but cry all day long.—*Begins to nod.*—Now be a good girl will you? *Nods and falls asleep.*

ELLEN. *Looks around.* Oh, if I could escape! May God guide me for the best. *Goes and takes the key from Jane's pocket; puts on a cloak; unlocks the door. Exit.*

SCENE III.—SIR PHILIP COURTNEY'S SITTING ROOM.

Sir Philip seated on a chair. Thunder and lightning outside.

SIR P. Oh! what a horrid night for the last night of a year! Nay, the very elements seem enraged at its career, and with all their fury seem to hurl it from existence. What! did I hear a knock at the door? Who in Heaven's name could be out on such a night as this? *Goes and opens the door.*

Enter Ellen, pale, feeble and wet.

ELLEN. Oh, father!

SIR P. *Draws back.* Who are you that calls me father?

ELLEN. Father! Father, do you not know me?

SIR P. Oh heavens! Is it not enough that the world should gaze upon my disgrace, without my being confronted with its origin? What have I done that I should be so afflicted? Have I sinned, that it is the will of the Almighty that I should pass the remainder of my days in shame and disgrace? Or is it the work of some designing fiend, that has chosen you as his agent, to harass my soul, and make it crumble and decay with the weight of mortification?

ELLEN. Father, I am innocent of the crime you believe me guilty of. I am still your own, your virtuous daughter.

SIR P. Lying wretch, you are not my daughter. The daughter of Sir Philip Courtney, surrounded by the immoralities of the universe, could never descend to the depths of degradation that you have done.

ELLEN. Father, you know not how false the charge is that has been made against me! I am as free from sin and shame to-day as the day I was born; and, to-night my innocence will bring tears of grief from my dear mother, who is in heaven.

SIR P. Mention not that name again! Mention not that name; or, by heavens, I will complete my disgrace by staining my hands in your immoral blood. Arise, begone false wretch! Go back whence you came. Sir Philip Courtney will bear his disgrace, but will never cherish it.—*Points to the door.*—Begone!—*Ellen staggers to the door. Exit. Sir P. falls*

into a chair, sighs several times, and pauses.—Oh! would to heaven that I had never seen this day. Would that I had never been born!—*Pauses.*—Oh! what have I done? What have I done? To turn my own child from the door, and she said she was innocent. And oh, upon such a night, when a strange dog would not be turned from the door! Nay, hell itself would not cast forth one of its worst devils on such a night as this! I will follow and bring her back. Ever so guilty, she shall stay one night, and to-morrow she shall go. *Puts on hat. Exit.*

SCENE V. *Enter Henry Morton, first E. R. Thunder, lightning and rain.*

HENRY. Once again do I stand upon this cherished spot. I could not leave the country without once more beholding and bidding adieu to the scenes of my brightest hopes! Aye, to night I will bid you farewell; but with the encouragement of hope, that I may yet return, and prove to the world that I am innocent of the crime they now charge me with. Aye, Sir Philip Courtney, again you are entertaining your aristocratic friends; I can hear your loud and merry voices above the din of the storm. Little do you think, while you enjoy the luxuries of the world, of the sufferings of those it may call guilty. What a change! Not yet three months since I stood upon this very spot, one of the happiest beings on earth! Not yet three months since I gazed into a future as bright and spotless as the noonday sun. And now, to find that I am tracked and hunted worse than a wild beast; to find myself crouching and hiding from the eye of mortal and the light of heaven; for it is only under the canopy of night that I crawl from my retreat to move and gaze on the world around me. Oh, heavens! what a night! But go on ye elements; howl and rage; for it is only under the fury of your darkness that I feel secure. What a fate for an innocent man! Aye, innocent as she who sleeps there. Ah, little does she know of the shallowness of this wicked world; little does she think, as she reads the fate of the outcast, the cause of their misfortune. Would that I could speak to her, and tell her how false the charge is against me! Nay, I would care not though the whole world accused me if she held me guiltless. But there, she sleeps unheeding of the storm that is raging without. Aye, to-night, as you sleep upon your bed of down, smiling perhaps at the pleasure of your dreams, with your childish imaginations flitting through those heavenly regions where purity and innocence reign supreme. Heaven grant that you may always remain in such blissful happiness. Heaven grant that you may never know the cruel deceit that holds sway in this treach-

erous world. May you never know what it is to be falsely accused. May the sigh of grief never escape your bosom; nor the tear of sadness sully your virgin cheek. May your days be passed in the sunshine of happiness, and your dreams be undisturbed by the shadow of darkness, to mar your simple repose. Dream on; dream on.—*exit first L.*

Enter Ellen through the garden, walks feebly through the gate. Exit first L. Enter two Policemen, first E. R.

1ST P. It might not be him.

2D P. I tell you it is him. I could see him every time the lightning flashed; and I tell you we are in luck, for if we keep our eye on him we are sure to get the reward.

1ST P. Which way did he go.

2D P. I think he went down there. *Points off L.* See, there he is.

1ST P. That looks like a woman.

2D P. A woman; nonsense? It's him, I tell you.

1ST P. Where will he be going down there?

2D P. I think he will be going to rocky grove to find shelter from the storm; and, if we just watch where he goes, we can nab him and get the reward. Come, let us follow him cautiously.—*exit first L.*

Enter Sir Philip, through the garden gate, and looks around.

SIR P. Oh where has she gone? Which way did she go?
—*Looks off L.*—What, there! I saw a figure! It must be she.
Exit L.

SCENE V. SCENE III IN FIRST ACT.

Enter Henry, first E. R.

HENRY. I will creep into the old cave until the storm abates a little, and, in the meantime, make up my mind which way to go.—*exit under rock.*

Enter Ellen, first R.

ELLEN. Oh, what shall I do? Yes, there is one friend yet that I can go to for protection,—my kind and faithful nurse; and, though the whole world raised the finger of scorn against me, she will know I am innocent. But it is so far, more than a hundred miles, and I am so weary and footsore. Oh, kind Heaven, be not too harsh; do not condemn but pity the homeless wanderer! Oh, Father of Heaven, stretch forth thy hand in this hour of need, and lighten the burden of my grief or my heart will break.—*Faints and falls behind a rock.*

Enter Henry, from beneath rock.

HENRY. I thought I heard a voice. It sounded to me as if some one was in great trouble, but it must have been fancy, for no one could be out on such a night as this. But what do I hear, footsteps?

Enter Police, R. Successive flashes of lightning.

POLICE. Henry Morton, we come to arrest you in the name of the king.

Enter Sir Philip, first R.

SIR P. Who are you going to arrest?

POLICE. Henry Morton.

SIR P. Where is he?

POLICE. *Points*—There.

SIR P. Then she was as false as hell.—*Breaks into a loud laugh and runs off, L.*

HENRY. See!—*points*—take care of Sir Philip Courtney, he has gone mad. Did you not see the wild glare of his eyes? See how he runs.

POLICE. Sir Philip Courtney, indeed! What would he be doing here?

HENRY. I tell you it is he. He has lost his reason. See how he plunges into the stream! For Heaven's sake, follow and protect him.

POLICE. We know well who it is. It is some accomplice of yours, that wishes to give you a chance to escape. Come, give yourself up!—*they go toward him.*

HENRY. *Springs upon a rock, and picks up a limb of a tree.*—The first one that dares to approach, I'll cleave his skull.

ACT III.

SCENE I. A ROOM IN A PUBLIC HOUSE.

A sailor seated at a table with a glass in front of him. Enter Henry Morton slowly.

SAILOR. Hallo, friend! come in and have a glass. Come and sit down; don't be afraid!—*Henry sits down, and sailor knocks on the table.*—Here waiter, come and bring us two glasses of gin.

HENRY. I would rather have ale than gin.

SAILOR. Call for what you want, for you look pretty well tired out.

Enter waiter, R.

SAILOR. Bring us two pints of your best ale.—*Exit waiter.* Turns to Henry.—Are you on the road?

HENRY. What do you mean?

SAILOR. I mean, are you a stranger around here, or are you out of work?

HENRY. Yes. I'm both a stranger here and out of work. Enter waiter with two pints of ale, leaves them on table, sailor pays, exit waiter.

SAILOR. Well, here's good luck—*both drink.*—But maybe you've had no dinner; are you hungry?

HENRY. I have not tasted food for two days.

SAILOR. Well, mate, I'm glad I came across you, for if there's anything I like to do it is to help a man in distress; for I've seen hard times myself. Drink up your ale.

Both drink, Sailor knocks on the table; enter waiter, R.

SAILOR. Bring us two more pints of ale, and bring in some bread and cheese.—*Waiter takes pint pots; exit.* To Henry—Have you been long out of work.

HENRY. About three months.

SAILOR. It's a long time to be idle. Have you walked far?

HENRY. I walked from near London.

Enter waiter with ale and bread and cheese, places them on table, and exit.

SAILOR. Now, here get some of that bread and cheese into you; and drink that ale and call for another pint, I'll pay for it, for as long as I've a shilling, and you are in my company, you shall neither be dry nor hungry.

HENRY. *Eating.*—All that I can do for your kindness at present is, thank you.

SAILOR. I want no thanks; you are hard up, and that's enough; but you don't seem to have done much hard work. Your hands look white and soft.

HENRY. I haven't done much hard work.

SAILOR. If it's no harm, mate, what do you do for a living?

HENRY. The last work I did was to act as servant to a gentleman, but I got into a little trouble and had to leave.

SAILOR. You will excuse me asking the question, I did not mean anything by it.

HENRY. Oh, make no apology.

SAILOR. *Showing slight signs of intoxication.*—Now to prove that I didn't mean anything by it, I'll tell you a secret, but you must keep it to yourself, and it's just this:—I came from London, where I got into a little trouble, and, if I was caught for it, twelve months wouldn't save me, and this is the secret,—one night, in London, I was about three sheets in the wind and I went into a tavern and got into a quarrel with a couple of fellows there, the police came in to stop the row, and one of them was trying to put the nippers on me, when I took up a pewter pot and struck him a blow in the eye and knocked his eye out, and escaped; but I had to disguise myself to get out of London, and only arrived here yesterday.

HENRY. How did you disguise yourself?

SAILOR. At the time of the trouble, I had on a plain suit of clothes, I made my way to my lodgings, put on my sailor's clothes and bought this whisker—*pulls off his whiskers*—but I suppose I'll burn it now, for there is no danger of being found out, as I will ship on the first vessel I can—*goes to burn*.

HENRY. Don't burn it; give it to me, for there is a warrant out for my arrest.

SAILOR. Here, take it, and welcome,—*Henry takes it*—no matter what your crime is, if you are not a murderer.

HENRY. I am no murderer.

SAILOR. You don't look like one. But what are you going to do for a living?

HENRY. I don't know.

SAILOR. Would you like to go to sea?

HENRY. I'd like it well, if I could enlist.

SAILOR. If you like, I'll ship for us both.

HENRY. I'd like it well; but I have no idea of sailing.

SAILOR. When we get on board, I'll speak to a few of the boys. Any of them will give you a hand.

HENRY. If you will get me on board, I shall always consider myself under an obligation to you, and if ever I can return your kindness I will gladly do it.

SAILOR. Well, I see that you are hard up and in trouble, and I hope I'll never live to see the day that Jack Roberts will turn his back on an honest man that wants a friend.

HENRY. You will not say a word of this disguise?

SAILOR. If you knew me you would not ask that question, for your secret is as safe with me as with Davy Jones. But do you intend to wear it on board!

HENRY. Yes. I would not go on board without some disguise.

SAILOR. Then keep your own counsel. Act on the square, and I'll stand by you.

HENRY. All that I can do is thank you.

SAILOR. No thanks. Come, let us go and pay the damage for this, and have another pint at the bar.

HENRY. I don't want any more.

SAILOR. Don't be downhearted! we'll have a spree to night, bid farewell to land and away to sea. (*Exit both R.*

SCENE II. KITCHEN IN SAM NORTON'S COTTAGE.

Mrs. Norton dusting. Enter Sam front E.

SAM. Halloa! all alone? Where is Miss Ellen?

MRS. N. She's gone to the post office.

SAM. I say, Ann, how long is she going to stay here? She has been here more than a year now, and there is no signs of her going home.

MRS. N. Are you tired of her?

SAM. No.

MRS. N. Then just let her stay as long as she likes.

SAM. I did not mean that; but the school teacher is going to leave, and I thought that—

MRS. N. You had no right to think any such thing. The daughter of Sir Philip Courtney to teach school! No; I'd wear my fingers off first! The poor child that I nursed, and loved more than my own life.

SAM. I didn't think there was anything wrong in it, for I love that girl, and she is welcome to stay here as long as I have a penny; but isn't it strange they don't write to her.

MRS. N. You talked so fast that I hadn't time to tell you that she got a letter this morning.

SAM. A letter! And what news?

MRS. N. Oh, such strange news! They have not seen or heard anything of Sir Philip these fourteen months. They have advertised in all the papers throughout Europe, and his secretary, Mr. Clarendon, has been to France and Italy himself, and has heard nothing of him, and that is the reason she got no answer to any of her letters, until Mr. Clarendon came home and it states in the letter that there has been a report that he went off his mind, and some thing has happened to him.

SAM. Well, that beats all! and I pity the poor girl from my heart.

MRS. N. Oh, she did so cry when she read the letter.

Enter Ellen, front, takes off hat and cloak, and goes off R., and returns.

SAM. Ann has just told me that you got a letter this morning, and I am sorry there was not better news in it; but

it may all come right yet. Sir Philip may be travelling, and may not have seen any of the advertisements.

ELLEN. I hope so. And, oh Mrs. Norton, as I was coming home I saw a poor ragged, old man and a crowd of boys chasing and shouting after him. They called him Crazy Tom. It is such a pity to see the way they abused him.

SAM. Oh, it's Crazy Tom. He's a poor old man; nobody knows him. He has been about here now several months, they say he sleeps in the woods, and lives upon turnips and apples, or anything he can pick up.

ELLEN. Oh, here they come chasing him—*noise and shouting outside*—and the poor old man is trying to run. See, he is all out of breath. Mr. Norton, please do not let them hurt him. Turn back the boys.

MRS. N. Yes, and see he's almost falling! Bring him in until he rests himself.

Sam goes out, shouts to the boys and brings in old man. Enter old man, panting and leaning on Sam's arm, he is placed upon a lounge, and falls back and faints.

MRS. N. Oh, he has fainted, bring water quick!

Ellen brings water, bathes his lips and hands.

SAM. *Rubbing old man's hands.*—He will be all right soon. He is coming to.

OLD MAN. *Sitting up.* Where am I?

SAM. You're all right now, the boys are all gone.

OLD MAN. What boys?

SAM. Those that were following you.

OLD MAN. Am I dreaming or awake?

MRS. N. Oh, his senses have returned: see, the wildness has left his eyes.

SAM. Yes, he seems to have come to his senses.

OLD MAN. Oh, for Heaven's sake, where am I, or how came I here in these tatters? Tell me, keep me not in suspense.

SAM. I cannot answer your last question, but you are in the town of Rugby in the county of Warwickshire.

OLD MAN. In the town of Rugby. How came I here?

SAM. I don't know. You have been around here several months.

OLD MAN. Several months! What month is it now?

SAM. It is the first of April to-day.

OLD MAN. Have I been sick? The last I remember is New Year's eve.

SAM. It can't be last New Year's eve you mean, for I have seen you around here over six months ago, and I don't think you have been sick. Your mind seemed a little out of the way. I believe your brain has been affected somewhat, but you seem all right now.

OLD MAN. Oh heavens, have I come to this?

MRS. N. *Brings wine.*—See, take a little of this wine ; it will revive you. You are very weak.

OLD MAN. What ! That voice !—*looks up*—Are not you Ann Mason ?

ELLEN. *Rushes and embraces old man.*—Father, father !

OLD MAN. *Tries to rise.* What, wretch ? You here ? Release that embrace !—*Ellen steps back.*—Is it not enough that I should die in disgrace, without your coming to heap misery upon my departure ? Begone from my sight !

Exit Ellen, R.

SAM. And are you Sir Philip Courtney ?

OLD MAN. I was once Sir Philip Courtney ?

MRS. N. Oh, Sir Philip, you have done wrong ; you have accused your daughter of a crime that she is innocent of, for to-day she is as free from stain as the day I received her from her mother, for there is not one hour of her life, from that day to the present minute, but I am acquainted with, and there is not one of those hours but will bear as strict an investigation as any one that ever bore the name of Courtney. I am sorry, Sir Philip, that ever I lived to see this day.—*Weeps.*

SAM. Ann, go to Miss Ellen, I will attend Sir Philip.—*Exit Ann to right. Sam takes wine from table.*—Here, Sir Philip, take a little wine, it will revive you—*offers wine.*

OLD MAN. *Shakes his head.*—It cannot revive me. I am dying.

Enter Ellen, R., dressed for a journey ; walks toward the door.

OLD MAN. Ellen, are you going to leave me ?

ELLEN. *Rushes to him.* Oh, father, father ! how could I leave you.

OLD MAN. Oh, my child ! my child ! have I wronged you ? Answer me as you will answer at the day of judgment. Is the name of Courtney unsullied.

ELLEN. By my mother, who is now looking down from heaven upon me, I am as free from guilt or shame as she is.

OLD MAN. Oh, my child, how can I expect forgiveness for the wrong I have done you ? how can I meet your mother after the disgrace I have heaped upon her darling ? Why did I not listen to you when you came to me upon your bended knees, and told me you were innocent ? Oh forgive me, my child ! forgive me ! Say that you will forgive me ?

ELLEN. Oh father, why do you ask me ? You know that your darling could never have anything to forgive you.

OLD MAN. Ellen, I am dying.

ELLEN. Father, do not say that ; you will be better when you rest.

OLD MAN. Yes ! but it is not in this world I will rest.

ELLEN. Mr. Norton, will you please go for a doctor ?

Enter Mrs. Norton, R.

MRS. N. Yes, do go for a doctor, he should have been sent for long ago.

OLD MAN. No! I forbid any one's going for a doctor, for I am far beyond a doctor's skill. Listen to me, Ellen, and do not interrupt me, for I have but a few minutes to stay, for death is already upon me. When I am dead you must have my body conveyed home and hurried in the old vault beside your mother; my will is in the old safe, it is all in your favor, everything is yours; Lawyer Palmer will give you all the information you want. You must live in the old house, and try in your future life to retrieve the name that I have so much—*falls back and dies.*

MRS. N. Oh, Sir Philip has fainted; bring the wine, rub his hands.

SAM. *Takes his hand.*—It is no use now, he is dead.

ELLEN. *Bends over her father.*—Oh, don't say that! Don't say that he is dead! Father, father! speak to me! speak to you own Ellen! Dead? dead, and I am alone.

Falls into Sam's arms.

SCENE III. SEASHORE, NOISE OF STORM AND WAVES.

Fishermen looking out to sea.

1st F. Can you make her out?

2d F. No, I can't; but she hasn't got a yard of canvas nor a mast above her deck.

1st P. How she pitches and heaves.

2d F. She must have lost her helm; see how she rolls and turns with the sea.

3d F. Then may the Lord have mercy on the souls on board, for she is sure to strike the rocks.

1st F. Curses on the dastardly hand that set our boats adrift, for we have nothing that we could give them any assistance with.

SEVERAL. Oh! Another heave like that and she is lost.

2d F. Ay, they can see the land, but I am afraid there are but few of them will ever reach it alive.

ALL. Oh! There she goes against the rocks!

1st F. Oh! see them struggling in the water! What a sight! what a sight!

3d F. Some of them may escape. Some seem to be heading their way towards shore.

1st F. Ah, he will make gallant struggle that ever reaches shore.

2d F. See, do you see that man there?—*points.*

1st F. Where?

2d F. See, there he is—*points*—here Jack—to one of the men—run down and tell my wife to send up some of that brandy! if heaven should deliver any of them from the water, let us do all we can for them on land.—*exit Jack, R.*

1st F. *Looking toward the water.*—Struggle on a little more and you will be safe.

2d F. There he comes! He is safe! He is safe!

Enter Jack, R, with a bottle.

JACK. Here is the brandy.—*Gives bottle to 2d F.*

[Appear a man swimming in the water, a rope is thrown to him and he is pulled on shore.]

2d F. —*To the rescued.*—Here! take a drink of this brandy! —*rescued takes the bottle and drinks.*—And come down to my house and change your wet clothes; here Jim, take this bottle,—*gives the bottle to one of the men*—and if any more should escape give them some. Come:—*Exit rescued and Second.*—

1st F. Here comes the body of a woman! *A body is washed on shore.*—Take her and leave her aside.—*They carry her off.*

3d F. Here comes another body!—*They carry it off.*

1st F. Oh! There comes another. It is one of the Sailors. He will reach the shore, see how he swims!

Another F. Here he comes safe on land,—*a sailor appears swimming and reaches the shore without assistance.*

FISHERMAN.—*To sailor*—Here! Take a drink of this brandy.—*Sailor takes the bottle.*

SAILOR. Well, I hope all that are gone were prepared to meet their Maker.—*Drinks and gives back the bottle*—That's about the hardest struggle I ever had. Am I the only one that's escaped?

1st F. No, there is another!—*Looking off R.*—Here he comes!

Enter rescued in different clothes.

SAILOR. What! Captain Robinson! I'm glad to see you safe.

CAPTAIN. Well, Roberts! I'm glad that your aliveto say so. I suppose poor Sims has gone.

SAILOR. I'm afraid he has. He might have escaped himself as he was a good swimmer. I was standing beside him before the vessel struck, and the old lady on board came up to him crying, and asked him to save her daughter, and he answered; I will save her if I possibly can!.

CAPTAIN. Then I suppose he has perished in the attempt—*looks toward the water*—for there is not a head above water.

1st F. Yes! See! There is one there—*points.*

2d F. Yes! There is one?—*All seem excited.*

CAPTAIN. Can we give no assistance? Have you not got a boat?

1st F. We had plenty of boats, and it was only last night that some mischievous fiend cut the moorings of every boat we had and let them all drift out to sea, we have not one on the beach.

2d F. There is a woman beside him.

Another F. He is holding her in his arm.

SAILOR. He has two women with him.

1st F. Why don't he let them go and save himself! He cannot escape with them.

SAILOR. Captain, it is Mr. Sims the mate!

CAPTAIN. Oh, Heavens! It is the old lady and her daughter he is trying to save, and I'm afraid he has to mnch to reach the shore.

1st F. See there! He is nigh exhausted, see how he falters.

2d F. Oh, if we could give him any assistance!

SAILOR. Look out there,—*runs and jumps from a rock into the water, appear to view sailor Sims, and two women struggling in the water, ropes are thrown to them and they are pulled on shore.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. SITTING ROOM. ELLEN COURTNEY SEATED.

Enter Cousin Julia, L. C.

JULIA. Good morning, dear cousin! How did you rest after the party last night?

ELLEN. Oh, very well indeed! How did you enjoy the party, Julia? Oh, splendid! I never enjoyed myself better! But to-morrow night, I expect to enjoy myself even better, for I'm sure Mr. Morton will have a splendid party as it is to be very select.

ELLEN. Are you going?

JULIA. Why, of course I'm going! Are not you?

ELLEN. I don't think I will.

JULIA. Why, dear cousin?

ELLEN. Well, I think that one party is enough in a week.

JULIA. Oh, I'm so sorry! They will be so disappointed, for I promised Captain Robinson that I would go, I didn't think you would have any objections.

ELLEN. I noticed that Mr. Robinson paid a great deal of attention to you last night.

JULIA. Oh, for shame! Ellen Courtney! His attention was nothing but politeness, and I'm very sorry to disappoint him, and as there are not many invited there will be but a few there.

ELLEN. Well, as you have promised Mr. Robinson, rather than you shall break your word, I'll change my mind and go with you.

JULIA. Oh! Thanks dear cousin! I'm so glad!

ELLEN. But don't let Mr. Robinson exact any more promises from you.

JULIA. Oh, there is no fear! But I'm afraid Mr. Sims will exact one from you if you don't mind, for he did not seem to take his eyes off you for one minute last night.

ELLEN. Don't be alarmed. Mr. Sims, I think has too much sense to bother his head with ladies.

JULIA. What a strange story he has, hasn't he?

ELLEN. I don't know, I never heard any thing of him. What is it?

JULIA. On our way home last night, Mr. Robinson told it to me. He says the first time he saw him was about five years ago, after returning to his ship from a visit down here. This man was on board engaged as a common sailor, and from the first, Mr. Robinson took quite an interest in him, for he seemed so different from the other sailors; and from being a new hand, he became so adept, that at the end of six months the second mate left the ship; and Mr. Sims was promoted to that position, and he fulfilled his duty so well that before he had been on board eighteen months, he was promoted to the position of first mate, and on the second voyage after he had been first mate, they sailed from Bombay, and during the voyage, Mr. Sims became a general favorite with all on board, especially with a rich old lady, who had an only daughter. Things went on very pleasantly, until one day when they were of the coast of India, when a storm arose, oh so terrific, that in spite of all they could do, it dashed their ship to pieces against the rocks, they were about a mile from shore, and almost all on board were drowned. But while the storm was raging, before the vessel struck the rocks, this rich old lady came to Mr. Sims, and begged of him to save her daughter. And after the vessel struck the rocks, Mr. Sims saw the mother and daughter struggling in the water together. He swam to and grasped them both with one arm, and began to swim towards the shore, but it was a hard struggle, the storm was so great; but at last by great exertion, and some assistance from one of the sailors, he reached the shore with both ladies. But the young lady only lived half an hour, after reaching shore. The mother survived, but at the end of a month she too took sick and died. But from the time that her daughter died, she could scarcely bear to allow Mr. Sims to leave her sight, and as she had no near relative, she left all her fortune to Mr. Sims.

ELLEN. What a strange story. And did he never tell Mr. Robinson who or what he was before he enlisted as a sailor?

JULIA. No! Mr. Robinson has often broached the subject, but he always avoids it.

ELLEN. How strange! But he follows the sea yet?

JULIA. Yes. After the old lady was buried he bought two ships, one he is captain of himself, and the other he gave as a present to a Mr. Roberts, who had several times befriended him.

ELLEN. Well! I'm sure that he don't belong to the poor class, for his manner is that of a perfect gentleman. But let us go and take breakfast and we will talk after.
(*Exit both R.*)

SCENE II. SAME AS SCENE II IN FIRST ACT.

Enter Mr. Sims L. C.

SIMS. Well, after all my vigilance, all that I have found out is, that Bill Markham the principal witness against me, is in his service, and often accompanies him out of town. But this suspense is getting too great I cannot bear it much longer.—*looks off R.*—Ah! But here he comes. I must not let him see me.—*hides behind drapery.*

Enter Ralph Morton, R. C. Sits at table.

RALPH. I wonder shall I be allowed to finish this note without being intruded upon by Mr. Sims,—*Produces paper and lays it on the table.*—or as I should call him Mr. Strange, for one cannot tell what part of the house they'll meet him in, and he is always sure to turn up when least expected or desired. Robinson says he is the finest fellow in all the world, but I believe he is half crazy. I wish I had arranged this party for some other night. But I must see Bill to-night by all means, so here goes.—*begins to write and repeats the words as he writes them.* Bill, I want you to meet me to-night at eight o'clock, at the old well in the grove. Do not fail to be there. And now I must prepare for the party, as it is already five o'clock and the guests will begin to arrive shortly.—*Exit R. C.*

HENRY.—*Comes from behind drapery*—And I also will prepare for the party. Ay, Ralph Morton! Mr. Strange will be sure to turn up when least expected or desired. I will be at the old well at eight o'clock. And I will prepare everything for that party. To-night I will cast the die, win or lose. I can bear this no longer.—*Exit R. C.*

SCENE III. DRAWING ROOM.

Guests seated around conversing and laughing. Enter Ralph front.

RALPH. Well, Mr. Robinson! I will ask a favor of you if you will grant it.

CAPT. What is it.

RALPH. I have been unexpectedly called to attend to a little urgent business, but it will not delay me more than an hour, and during my absence I wish you to act as host in my stead. And if my guests will excuse me, I promise to be back within the hour.

CAPT. I will answer for them; you are quite excusable. We will enjoy ourselves while you are gone.

RALPH. Thank you; you was always equal to the emergency.—*Exit front.*

SIMS.—*aside*—What a mountain of crime can be covered by the small mask of hypocrisy.

CAPT.—*to one of the ladies*—Well, Miss Lawton will you please oblige with a little harmony.

MISS L. I cannot sing, thank you.

A GUEST. Miss Lawton, I think could sing but she is a little shy before the gentlemen.

MISS L. No, really! I am no singer, and I know very little of music.

CAPT. Will Miss Trafton oblige?

JULIA. I, like Miss Lawton, must decline, as I never do sing.

SIMS. As it is a beautiful moonlight night and we are distressing the ladies, I propose a walk in the grove as far as the old well and back again.

GENT. What an idea!

SIMS. Nay! I ask you to come and I promise you that it will be interesting.

CAPT. Well then I second the motion, if the ladies will make no amendment.

LADIES. Oh, not in the least!

CAPT. I beg leave to be Miss Trafton's escort in the promenade.—*each gentleman secures a lady, Sims takes Ellen Courtney.*—And now Mr. Sims, as you proposed the walk, please take the lead.

LADY. We had better put on our cloaks.—*Exit ladies L., and reappear with hats and cloaks.*

SIMS. Now come along, it will not take us long to reach the old well.—*Sims gives his arm to Ellen and leads off front. All follow.*

SCENE IV. OLD WELL IN GROVE. TREES, BUSHES
AND SHRUBBERY.

Enter two policemen, R. U. E.

1ST P. Now after all it may be only a wild goose chase.

2ND P. There is no fear for he was a regular gentleman for he gave me a sovereign, but of course I'll give you half when I get the change.

1ST P. Are you sure he only gave you one.

2ND P. If he gave me more don't you think I'd tell you? You ought to know me better than that.

2ND P. It's because I know you so well that I asked you.

2ND P. There is somebody coming,—*Looks off E.* why, there is a whole body of them, let us step aside.—*Go behind bushes.*

Enter ladies and gentlemen, talking and laughing.

Sims looks around and sees the policemen, gives them some instructions, exit police, R. U. E.

CAPT. What does this mean?

SIMS. I promised you the walk should be interesting, and to some of us at least it will be so, and we are not much to soon, for already I hear footsteps approaching. Come, hide quick, and as you value the life of an innocent man, do not move or speak until I give you leave.

CAPT. But what does all this mean?

SIMS. For mercy's sake let us hide, I will explain after.—*All hide behind bushes.*

Enter Bill Markham, First. E. L. leans against the well, and looks around.

BILL. I wonder what he wants now. I wish I had never known him. How much better I should have been, if I had worked honestly for a living. What a fool I have been, but I must come to an understanding with him to-night, for I cannot live in this state, I am getting so that I shudder at the sound of my own voice.—*The clock strikes eight*—there, it is eight o'clock! He must be here soon, ah! I hear foot-steps it must be he.

Enter Ralph. First E. R.

RALPH. Oh! So you are here. Have you looked to see that there is no one around?

BILL. There is no one here but you and I.

RALPH. Well, Bill you have served me faithfully now for some time, and I have a little job for you to do, and I think this will be the last I will ask you to do, for I think after this I will be able to settle down myself, and place you upon a well stocked farm.

BILL. And what is the job you want me to do?

RALPH. Well, this morning as I was passing by the Black Lion, old Pete the blacksmith, came staggering out, and as soon as soon as he saw me he cried out, "Halloo there, Ralph! How do you enjoy your brothers fortune? Your not half as honest as you pretend to be. I know more than you think I do about the death of Martin Morton. I could tell a story that would make somebody dangle from the gallows, and it wouldn't be Henry Morton either, and I'll tell it before long." And then he went back into the public house again.

BILL. And what do you want me to do?

RALPH. Well, I don't think its safe to have him at large; I think he knows too much, and for a long time now I have noticed that whenever I passed him on the road, he would look closely at me, and then turn round and look after me. I did not pay much attention to it, but now I think he must have had some reason for it, and I think the best thing for us to do is to get him out of the way, for I'm sure he knows our secret.

BILL. He might have had no object in his words, maybe speaking at random as drunken men often do.

RALPH. Oh, no! Random words would not come like that, I tell you he knows too much; and he must be got out of the way.

BILL. How is it to be done?

RALPH. You know he lives all alone behind the forge, and as he is often drunk, it would not be a great wonder, for him to be found drowned in the pond some morning. He has to pass that way home, and it would not seem strange that he should fall in some night.

BILL. In plain words you mean that he should be pushed into the pond and drowned?

RALPH. That is just what I mean.

BILL. And who must push him in?

RALPH. Did he not say that by opening his mouth, he could have somebody dangling from the gallows? Who should push him in but you?

BILL. Mr. Ralph do you know that he is my uncle?

RALPH. Yes! But what of that?

BILL. He is my mother's brother, and when she was sick, and me roving through the country, not thinking or caring for her, he was the one that stood by and attended to her, for the place is so lonesome that no woman in the village would go and wait upon her, and for the last week that she was sick; for seven days and nights, he stood and watched her, and gave her a drink whenever she was dry, and when she died and me still away, it was he that closed her eyes, and now would you have me turn round and murder him. No, Mr. Ralph! Bad as I am I cannot, and will not do that!

RALPH. Beware Bill, if he speaks who will dangle from the gallows?

BILL. It is I, but I will swing a thousand times from the gallows rather than raise my hand to harm one grey hair of that old man's head.

RALPH. I did not think that you was such a coward.

BILL. I have been a coward, but not the sort of a coward you mean. I was a coward the night that I plunged the dagger in your uncle's heart. I was still a greater coward the day that I went into court and swore on my oath that I saw your innocent brother murder his uncle. I was a coward the day that I took Miss Ellen Courtney from her home and placed her in confinement, and then to say that I saw her leaving the country in company with your brother. I am a coward but who made me one? It was you Ralph Morton! It was you that brought me to what I am! I was once a simple and harmless lad, but you transformed me into a walking devil. But I will be so no longer, for this very night I will go and give myself up, and proclaim to the world that I am a murderer, and that Henry Morton is an innocent man.

RALPH. What! Would you rob me of all I possess?

BILL. Ay, rob you, as you have robbed me!

RALPH. What! Villian,—*rushes and struggles with Bill.*

SIMS. —*Runs from behind bushes.*—Out and seize those men!—*Two policemen rush on and seize the two men, all the company rush out excited.*—Take care and do not let him escape!—*Points to Bill*—and you Ralph Morton! You who are a shame and disgrace to all, belonging to you, go and take what belongs to you, and leave the country, and never let your face be seen in England again.

RALPH. Who are you that assumes such authority! Who are you that commands me to leave the country?

SIMS. —*Throws off his disguise*—I am your brother, Henry Morton, lawful owner of these estates.

ELLEN. —*Rushes to him and he grasps both her hands*—Henry.

SIMS. Ellen.

CAPTAIN. —*Takes Sims hand*—Mr. Sims, right glad am I, to find that you are my cousin, and I'm sure there is not one that ever knew you, but will be glad to hear of the innocence of Henry Morton.

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general
discussion of the problem. It is shown that the
problem is of great importance and that it has
not been completely solved.

2. In the second part, the author considers the
case of a particular function. It is shown that
the function has certain properties which are
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3. The third part of the paper is devoted to a
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